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THE TIGER



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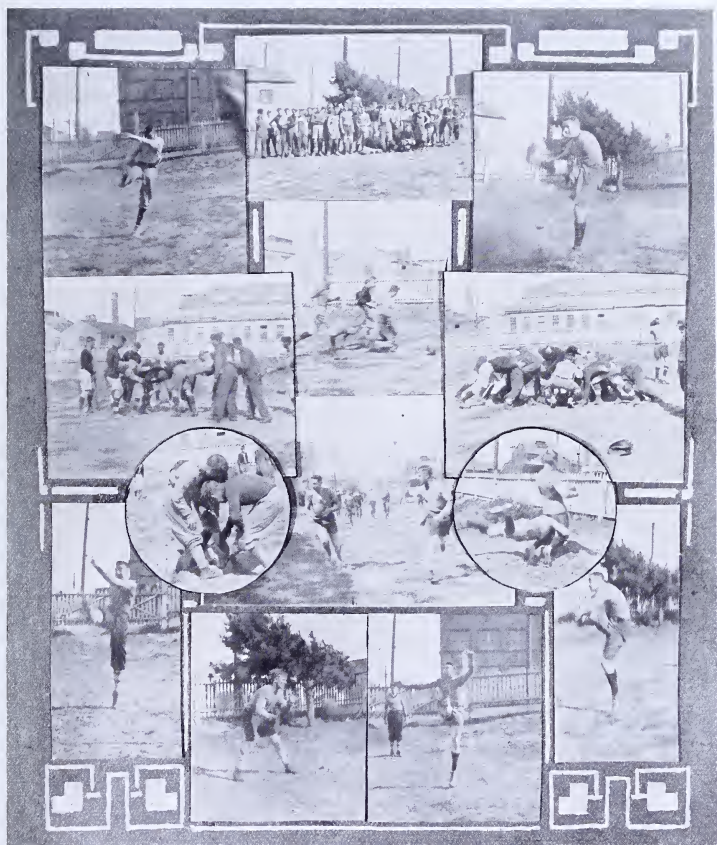
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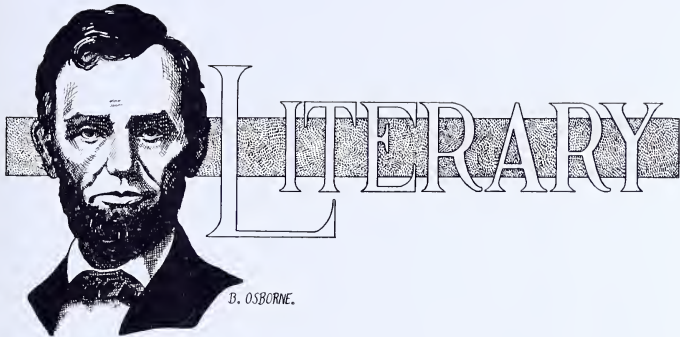
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



To Our Team
May Luck
be with them

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Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief of the Army

(Condensed version of prize essay.)

By JOHN R. DEANE.

INTRODUCTION.

We all know A. Lincoln, we all love and honor his memory; some of us have seen him, some of us have grandfathers or even fathers who can tell us of him; but most of us must know him only as one of the greatest figures in our history and as a man never to be forgotten.

Lincoln has commanded from all a careful study of his life. In his life is found the standard story, the story of the boy born of humble parents who occupied such positions in life as the poor farm hand, grocery clerk, railsplitter, teacher, lawyer, statesman and finally the highest of all positions, that of President of the United States. There is still a position, however, occupied by this great man which is not so widely chronicled as others, namely, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. Perhaps the reason for this is that Mr. Lincoln's unassuming ways did not make him appear as the real Commander-in-Chief. Let us, however, take a little closer scrutiny of this period of his life and in it we shall see the same qualities which distinguished the most of his work.

It was indeed fortunate for the United States that Abraham Lincoln was President at the time of the Civil War, and it is hard for us to conceive how any man could have carried out the important duty of Commander-in-Chief, which is among the President's duties, more perfectly than did he. He made mistakes at times and these mistakes he was never slow in acknowledging. It was this willingness to admit a mistake that made it easy for him to do things, over which another would have hesitated. He could cool down the most reckless of his generals with his clear logic and by the same method he could stir up his more reticent officers to force matters. He considered the war a battle of brains, for as he said, "We must not forget that the people of the South are Americans and to a man they will be a match for the Northern soldier."

Lincoln's army at the time of the firing on Fort Sumter, which marked the opening of the war, consisted of less than 20,000 badly scattered regulars and

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not enough Navy to make one large squadron. Immediately following the Sumter affair, however, Lincoln tested the fighting spirit of the North by calling for 75,000 volunteers to serve three months. The response to the call was tremendous. Indeed, the Governors of the free States had difficulty in not sending more troops than were called for.

Lincoln knew before the war that war was inevitable, but reasoned that he must wait for Southern aggression because the people of the North were a peaceable and industrial populace and needed some of the warlike spirit which comes from Southern aristocracy to arouse them. This came with the firing on Fort Sumter. Lincoln then appointed Scott as the head of the army. Though Scott was a capable man in his day, his methodical preparations were too slow for the North and he was deposed in favor of McDowell. McDowell fought the battle of Bull Run and just as victory seemed certain, the fight was lost through the blundering of General Patterson. This was, however, the first great battle of the war. The Southern victory put the South into a madness of joy and confidence and put the North into despair. The President then realizing the lack of military ability and discipline in the army, called to Washington General George B. McClellan who had been doing good work in the small battles in West Virginia. McClellan, inasmuch as he was a great organizer and soon had a large army drilled and ready for action, came up to Lincoln's and the North's expectation, but he lacked the aggressiveness and warlike spirit essential to a good general; hence his well-drilled army accomplished nothing while he was at the head of it. But we shall see that it was through this fault of McClellan that Lincoln's military power and instinct had a chance to show itself.

At the time of Scott's resignation McClellan was appointed General-in-Chief of the whole army and it was through this promotion and sudden rise to fame that McClellan's head was turned. At this time Lincoln had no definite plan as to how he would force matters but he ordered McClellan to leave Washington well guarded and be off for Richmond as soon as possible. Accordingly McClellan left General Stanton with 20,000 troops to guard Washington and he took a position on the Potomac with the rest of the army.

While McClellan was making his preparations on the Potomac, General Fremont was commander of the western troops. He too slightly over-stepped his bounds. A great deal of hope had been placed in him, and being unable to come up to expectations, he sought to make an impression on the public by issuing a proclamation establishing martial law in Missouri, and stating that any person caught with firearms would have his property confiscated and his slaves set free. Lincoln corrected the reckless misuse of power and reminded Fremont that for every Southerner shot there would be a Northern prisoner shot for retaliation and in this manner the North might lose some of her best men; he also ordered that no one be shot without his approbation. It was in this manner Lincoln corrected all of his generals, he would state his reason for correction and then courteously but forcibly issue his orders.

To return to McClellan on the Potomac, chance upon chance had come to him to strike at the Rebels, but he lacked the initiative instinct which a man in his position should have had. Lincoln advised McClellan to force the fighting, but the latter always complained of not having enough troops, when in reality he greatly outnumbered the enemy.

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Northerners soon became impatient with his slow tactics, and the cry for action became so strong that Lincoln issued a General War Order, in which he stated that the whole army must go against the Rebels on a certain fixed date. This order particularly referred to the Army of the Potomac. Lincoln's plan for attack differed from McClellan's, inasmuch as Lincoln would have the army move directly to a point on the railroad southwest of Manassas, and McClellan wanted to go down the Chesapeake, up the Rappahannock to Urbana and across to the terminus of the railroad on the York River. McClellan refused to listen to Lincoln's advice, simply stating that his plans were different, and went ahead on his own plan. He did not count enough on details, however, and when he came to one of the canals he found the left locks were too small and his whole plan was blocked. This episode cost the Government about one million dollars and a great deal of prestige. McClellan was promptly removed from the head of the army and put in charge of the forces of the Potomac.

It was not until Grant's brave deeds and daring fighting demanded recognition of him as a great General, that Lincoln had a commander whom he could rely on implicitly. His trust in Grant was probably brought about by the fact that Lincoln made a mistake concerning the battle of Vicksburg on a matter in which Grant was right. This mistake was personally acknowledged in a famous letter from Lincoln to Grant. At this time two other Generals came into prominence in the persons of Meade and Sherman. The combination was too great for the South, and slowly but surely the tide of war was turned to the North.

To relate all the good advice and orders given throughout the war by the President and to show how his strategy was correct in most every case would require a volume, and therefore his dealings with Scott, McClellan and Fremont will have to serve merely as examples to give some idea of his military tact and ability. Great credit, however, must be given Lincoln for his successful handling of Generals during the war. He had a task before him such as has confronted few men in the history of mankind. It was a fight of brother against brother, and Lincoln was forced to play the part of the father who had to whip his children into line. In this big, generous, raw-boned man the United States had a servant faithful to the last degree; a man who could suffer hardships, insults and even death, for he loved his people and he loved his country.

JOHN R. DEANE, '14.

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A Man on Tamarack Mountain

Esmeralda Canyon, high up in the Sierras, almost at the normal timber line, is a hot, desolate place. The heat, ever reflected from the rocks and sand hangs in quivering waves over the canyon, accentuating, if that is possible, the entire lack of color, the awful absence of healthy life, the hideous barrenness of parched hills. For vegetation, only a stunted pine clinging to one side of the gorge and a few dusty places of discouraged chaparral appear above the ground. Barring the lizards basking lazily on the rocks, and the beetles that occasionally emerge from the cracks in the dry soil, animal life cannot be found in this whole defile.

At seven in the morning, the canyon wore its customary appearance of desertion and desolation; but a few minutes later, a ragged, unkempt figure, gaunt, savage, scarce appearing human, yet human for all that, crept from behind a jutting rock, high up the seemingly inaccessible wall of the gorge. The figure was that of a man, a Goliath in stature and proportionately well developed. A coarse growth of beard concealed his features and gave him an air of ferocity. A rifle rested in his hand, ready for instant use, and to complete this warlike appearance a Colt hung at his hip, and a sinister bowie was lodged in his belt. Half crouching and skulking behind rocks at frequent intervals, the man moved along the wall to a place where the canyon changed its direction and thus afforded him a vantage point from which he might survey not only Esmeralda but the larger valley of the Bear River, of which it was but a spur. When he reached this spot on the mountain side the silence was unbroken save for the sighing of the pines far below in the mountain valley. The morning was as quiet as could be imagined, peaceful, monotonous, yet beautiful because of its very monotony. Suddenly a distant sound down in the woods brought the man on the rocks to his feet, and a minute later the noise resolved itself into the terrible baying of a bloodhound. With a smothered execration, the figure leaped down the rocks as nimbly as a mountain goat and sped up the trail leading over the pass. In a very few moments he had passed out of sight. The sounds of horses' hoofs and of confused conversation came from the opposite direction. Soon they appeared—a motley gathering of armed men, some on horseback, more afoot. At their head stumbled a rather corpulent man in charge of the bloodhound, whose voice was constantly heard urging the men on. The horsemen of the party spurred on their panting steeds, and the men on foot put forth their best efforts to keep up. As they neared the head of the canyon, a rifle shot rang out, and the sheriff, for such was he with the bloodhound, stumbled a few steps farther, clutched spasmodically at the air and fell with a heavy groan. Confusion reigned for a space; each man sought the nearest rock for shelter from the hidden foe. The bloodhound sniffed the motionless body at his feet for a moment and then went on with long bounds toward the rocks at the summit. Immediately the members of the posse called to him from behind their barricade, but in vain, for he gained the top without turning. Just as he stood outlined against the sky a second report broke the silence, and the beast rolled over and over, down the slope.

For a considerable interval, the hiding deputies kept to their rocks; but at last one summoned courage enough to run out and drag the limp form of his unconscious superior behind a shelter. A hasty examination convinced him that the sheriff was beyond mortal succor. He informed his companions of this and in a hurried conversation the party resolved to await the arrival of the second posse, which should have left Spanish Ferry two hours after them.

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In the meantime, a scout who had reconnoitered the head of the pass, reported that the fugitive had withdrawn from his place of hiding and retreated into the rough, broken country beyond the canyon. But two outlets to this country existed, Esmeralda Canyon itself, and Tamarack Mountain, a huge, snow-capped peak, rising majestically out of the jumble and confusion of the lesser mountains at its foot. Obviously, the hunted man must have sought safety on Tamarack Mountain, whose rugged nature precluded all hope of a successful assault, and whose situation would thus reduce the pursuing posse to the necessity of starving out the refugee.

Shortly before midday, when the heat in the canyon was almost unendurable, the fresh posse arrived. A man having been detailed to protect the dead body from coyotes or vultures, the reinforced troop rode on. Extra horses just brought up, supplied everybody with a mount, so that the summit was soon passed, and the cavalcade galloped through the canyons and over the hills clustered about the base of Tamarack. Seldom had the eagles from their aeries on the heights, seen so strange a sight. Far up on the mountain now, one lone man, haggard, deserted, hungry, pursued for his life, gazed with anxious eye on his pursuers below. Forty strong, clattering along over the rocks, struggling up the steep sides of the canyons, or floundering through wildernesses of jimsal, these manhunters sought their quarry, albeit in the name of the law, and for a crime committed. The horses were all but spent, so that the column straggled often, for they were traversing the roughest section of the country, if not of the State.

A halt was made when night came on, and a cordon formed around the mountain to prevent the fugitive's escape. Endurance to hunger on the part of the besieged, and lack of temerity to climb the mountain after him, on the part of the besiegers, maintained the cordon for three days. About eight o'clock on the evening of the fourth day of the siege, one of the deputies on watch heard a distant shot ring through the crisp night air. He remarked to his companion that he feared the outlaw had taken a shot at some of the posse. Both resolved to go around the mountain at daybreak and learn if that had happened. On investigation, however, they found that no one had been fired upon in the night, although several had heard the shot. The siege was maintained for two more days, and the posse were beginning to fear their prey had slipped through, when one morning a deputy noticed a flock of vultures lazily wheeling in the blue sky, and circling close to the ground on one of the spurs of the mountain.

As another day went by and the outlaw still remained inactive, more of the posse began to speculate as to the nature of the carcass attracting the vultures. Finally a party of six set out up the precipitous trail to examine the summit of the spur.

Lying on a level place on the peak, partly protected by some stunted pines and chaparral, was the body of the outlaw. Some of his bones were already bleaching in the sun. A few vultures overhead explained that. A hole in his skull brought to mind the pistol shot heard a few nights before. By his side were three articles, the fatal pistol, an old, worn Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was written in a shaky hand, "To my boy; I pray God it will work for his good." The third article, clutched in the outlaw's hand, was a small daguerreotype of a motherly old lady.

And so they found him, in the rarer atmosphere of the high Sierras, with face upturned to the blue sky above.

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The Injustice of Justice

There were four of us seated around the fireplace in the spacious library of the Readers' Club, Colonel Dalton, the sage and oldest member of the club, Artie Brown, a man named Smith, a visiting member, and myself. The talk had drifted from politics to baseball, from baseball to criticism of the latest novels, from novels to poetry, and from poetry to proverbs.

"Most proverbs aren't true," said Colonel Dalton, "but the worst one of all is 'Truth is stranger than fiction.'"

"You are wrong, absolutely wrong." Smith struck the table to emphasize his words.

The Colonel's face grew red and his eyes flashed. He was not used to being flatly contradicted. His position in the club was such that, when he made a statement, that statement was usually taken as a fact by his fellow members.

"Perhaps, Mr. Smith," he said ironically, "you can prove your rather forcible statement."

Smith hesitated a moment. "Yes," he said slowly, "I can. I can prove it by something that happened to me, not so many years ago.

"After I graduated from college, I set out to secure one of those positions with little work and plenty of remuneration, which I had always heard were so plentiful for college graduates. But, after walking the streets for four months, and visiting, I believe, every business house in the city, I was only too glad to accept a position as traveling salesman with the Metropolitan Soap Company at the munificent salary of sixty dollars a month.

"As a salesman I was not exactly what you would call a howling success. My first trip was up into the New England States. I sold something like forty-five dollars' worth of goods, while my expense account amounted to seventy-five dollars. To make matters worse, I had a row with one of the company's best customers, and thereby lost his trade for good. I came back to the city fully expecting a well-merited dismissal; but for some unknown reason the boss decided to give me another chance.

"My second trip on the road was Chicagoward. I determined to make up for my former mistakes and more than show the boss that he did well to keep me in his employ. But fate seemed to be against me. A local soap manufacturing company had recently been organized and had advertised extensively. Their prices were about the same as ours, but the Chicago dealers preferred their product because of it being so well advertised.

"One night, after a day more than usually unsuccessful, I decided to take a walk to see if I could collect my wits and think of some plan whereby I could make myself and Metropolitan soap famous. It was eleven o'clock when I started. So buried in thought was I that when I again came to myself I found I had wandered down to State Street, which as you probably know, is in the heart of the downtown business district. Except for a few hurrying pedestrians and an automobile or two, the street was deserted. I reached for my watch to see what time it could be, but it was not there. I then remembered I had left it lying on my dresser at the hotel. I glanced about. A few doors below, down a dark side street, I saw a large jewelry store. Knowing I could find the time there, I turned my steps in that direction. It was nearly three o'clock. As I was about to turn away, I stopped suddenly. For in the dim light of a single incandescent in the rear of the store I thought I saw a figure moving about. I pressed myself against the plate glass window front and peered into the store. As my eyes became accustomed to the dim light I

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saw it was indeed a man. He was crouching before the large safe which stood in the rear of the store, partly hidden by the projecting cashier's office. I was about to start after a policeman when a sudden thought struck me. Here was the very opportunity for which I had been waiting! Why, I could already see the headlines that would appear in the newspapers: Daring Burglar Frustrated—Young Soap Salesman Single-Handed Captures Desperate Burglar. As the front door was heavily locked and barred, I knew the burglar must have gained access to the store through the back entrance, which faced an alley used by the adjacent stores for receiving and shipping goods. After looking into the store again to reassure myself that the burglar was working single handed, I hurried around the corner and down the alley. Drawing my automatic revolver, which I always carried, I crept carefully up to the rear entrance of the store. The door was closed, but I turned the knob and it opened inwardly without a sound. Picking my way cautiously among the packing cases, I soon stood within twenty feet of the man. And a most surprising looking burglar he was at that. He was unmasked, he wore a full-dress suit and a high silk hat. I was beginning to think that possibly I had made a mistake when bang!—the door which I had carelessly left open, catching in a gust of wind, slammed with a crash. With an exclamation, the man wheeled toward me, drawing a revolver as he turned. We fired simultaneously. I felt a stinging pain in my shoulder. My knees gave way under me and I fell forward, my head striking the corner of a showcase.

"When I regained consciousness, I was in a hospital and a uniformed policeman was sitting at my bedside. I weakly demanded an explanation and was told to shut up, that I would hear all the explanations I wanted later!

"As soon as I was well enough, I was removed from the hospital and taken before a magistrate and formally charged with burglary. My bond was fixed at \$5,000. In vain I protested. I told my story and was laughed at. I was told that the State had a clear case against me as I had been caught with the goods by the owner of the store.

"My trial was set for early the next month and as I did not have any way of getting bail, I was forced to remain in jail.

"At last after seeming centuries, the day of my trial arrived. A jury was quickly sworn in. The State called their first witness—Mr. Abrams, the owner of the jewelry store I was supposed to have attempted to rob. Gentlemen, you can well imagine my astonishment when who should take the stand but the real burglar. He told in a clear concise way how he, on the night of August 22nd, had felt a queer presentiment that his store was going to be robbed. He had received that day a large order of jewelry. At last, about 2 o'clock in the morning, unable to sleep, he determined to come down town and see that everything was all right. Through the front window of his store he had seen me, the defendant, moving around in the rear. Seeing no policeman, and fearful that I would escape, he had hurried around the back away alone. Entering the rear door he had called upon me to surrender. Instead, I had drawn a revolver. In self-defense he had fired at me at the same instant I fired on him. My bullet had gone wild, his had taken effect in my shoulder. The policeman of the beat, attracted by the shooting, had then arrived on the scene.

"When my turn came I told my story; but my testimony, the testimony of a few friends as to my previous good character, and the puny efforts of my third-rate lawyer were of little avail against the testimony of Abrams and the policeman who had arrested me. The jury was out less than fifteen minutes. I was found guilty and sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary.

"Gentlemen, you can well imagine my emotions. Sentenced to twelve

years of hard labor for a crime I not only did not commit, but had tried to prevent. And sentenced mainly through the efforts of the real criminal. But there was nothing I could do, I had only to take my unjust medicine like a man.

"For four months I labored, crushing stone in the prison yard with a heavy sledgehammer, an armed guard standing at my side. Every morning I had felt that I should die before night fall, but I had weathered the storm of the first few weeks and was getting fairly used to the work.

"One morning, exactly 122 days after entering prison, I received an order to report at the office. Expecting to be censured for some slight infraction of the rules, I entered the office with downcast face. The warden grasped my hand, slapped me on the back, and informed me I was a free man.

"Jacob Abrams had committed suicide, leaving a written confession which exonerated me. His confession in brief was: He had gambled in stocks and lost heavily; he was deeply in debt and his creditors were becoming insistent; his only escape from imprisonment was for his store to be robbed, so he could declare himself bankrupt. Unwilling to trust anyone, he had decided to commit the burglary himself. He had worn his usual clothes so, in case of discovery, he could claim he was only looking into his safe. When he had seen me with a revolver, he had fired in self-defense. To protect himself, he had been forced to testify against me. My arrest and imprisonment had not brought any relief to his financial difficulties and this, combined with his guilty conscience, had led him to self-destruction."

Smith finished his story and with a slight smile looked at the Colonel. Artie and I also looked at the Colonel and wondered what he would say, for beyond doubt, Smith had certainly carried his point. The Colonel was leaning back into his chair gazing into space, like a man trying to remember something he had heard in the hazy past. Suddenly he smiled and slapped his knee. Without a word he got up and went over to the bookcase, from where, after rummaging round on the bottom shelf for several moments, he returned with an old, dusty volume in his hand. Smith took one look at the book and turned a sort of sickly color. Mumbling something about—"engagement, half-hour late now,"—he started for the door.

"Wait a second won't you, Mr. Smith?" chuckled the Colonel, but Smith, if he heard him, gave no sign of it.

Still chuckling, Colonel Dalton laid the book on the table in front of us.

"This volume," he said, "is entitled 'Short Fiction for Summer.' It was printed twenty years ago, at which time Mr. Smith was ten or twelve years old. It took me some time to think where I had read that story before, or I would have stopped Smith sooner. If either of you care to see Mr. Smith's story in print, you will find it almost word for word—the third story in the book, under the name, '*The Injustice of Justice.*'"

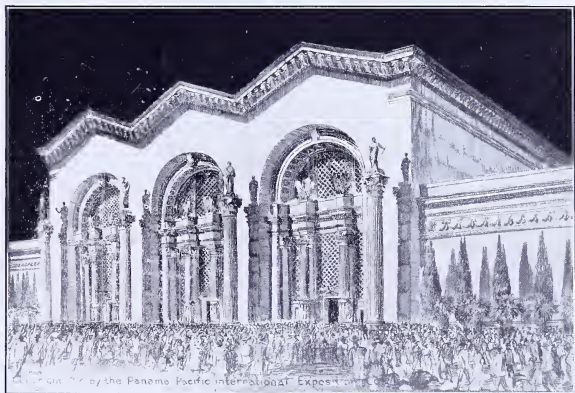
C. ALLSOPP, '15.

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Machinery Hall

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

It is sunset and the glowing ball of fire drops between the walls of the Golden Gate into the broad Pacific, leaving only a ruddy tinge on the horizon to remind us of the departed day. We stand on the marshy land near the

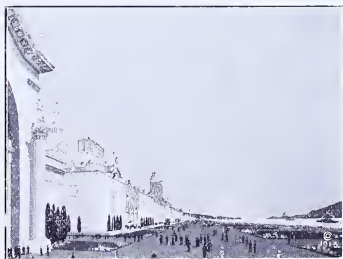


THE COMPLETED BUILDING.

Transport docks and gaze at the open space which shall contain the world's greatest exposition. The site is bare of houses, marshy and unattractive, but as the sun's last rays peer over the earth's mighty rim, we picture in our imagination the palatial buildings to be, and as we dream on, the night passes, and the morning sun, rising in the east, illuminates a vast structure where but a space before our marsh existed.

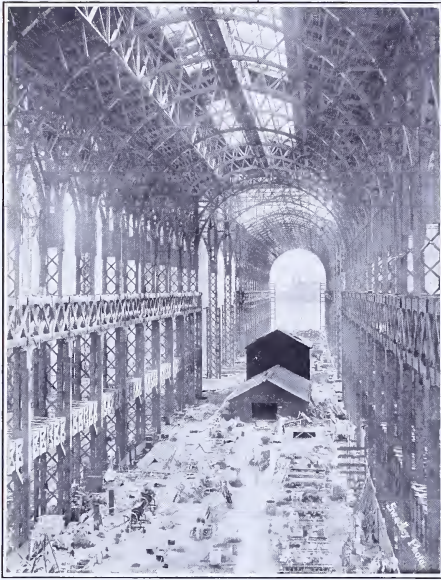
Just so grew the Machinery Hall—not in a night, perhaps, but in such a brief period that we had scarce turned away from the visions of our imaginations to confront the realities. As most things are, this also was only a matter of details—a succession of details that employed the brains of the chosen engineers of the country and taxed them to their utmost.

The problems that confronted the constructors of this marvelous building were of no ordinary nature. The very character of the soil upon which Machinery Hall rests, was such that



THE ESPLANADE.

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TRANSVERSE NAVE, SHOWING CONSTRUCTION TO RECENT DATE.

no ordinary foundation might be employed, but the engineers met this difficulty, like any other of the thousands of details, by forming conclusions based upon the experimental tests. First, dredgers were put to work in the bay, pumping dirt, silt and sand upon the site and then draining away the water. Sufficient soil having been deposited in this manner, piles were driven at various points, supporting heavy loads at their tops. Observations were made from day to day to observe the movements of the piles. Having made these tests, the engineers were sure of their footing and pile drivers were put to work driving piles for the real foundation. These were driven to solid ground, in some places very deep. The

heads of the various groups of piles were next encased in concrete piers, uprights having first been bolted to them. Upon these uprights came the arched roof trusses.

The design of these trusses called for some real figuring, as the building, because of the peculiar contents for which it is designed, must have no columns or pillars within the floor space. However, as the building proper consists of three lengthwise naves and three transversal, the difficulty of supporting a roof over eight acres was materially lessened.

The trusses, of cantilever construction, were assembled on the ground, the parts numbered, and then raised into position, each part corresponding to a numbered upright and the whole then bolted. This was done very rapidly and during one of the months of construction the building was assembled at the rate of six hundred feet of lumber and one hundred pounds of steel per minute for each working day.

The trusses, forming, as they do, the vertebrae and backbone of the building, are called upon in this capacity to withstand all side stresses due to wind pressure. The pressure due to wind is of no mean figure and had to be reckoned with in the design. Considering that the length of the longest side is nine hundred and sixty-eight feet, of the shortest side three hundred and sixty-eight feet, and taking as an approximate figure the height to be one hun-

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dred feet (the highest point is actually 135 feet from ground), we find the average side of surface presented to the wind to be about sixty-six thousand eight hundred square feet. Just imagine the resistance that this offers to a twenty-five or thirty-mile per hour gale—and such a breeze is not uncommon in San Francisco.

Having touched upon the technical nature of the undertaking, it might not come amiss to quote a few statistics to show that the artistic side has been by no means neglected. The architectural design is based upon the Roman arch motif, prototypes of which may be found in the big Roman baths of Hadrian and Caracalla. The building will be ornamented in a dignified manner with the repeated figure of an emblematic eagle. More than a mile and a half of ornamental cornices are to be used in the building.

Experts in the building of universal expositions affirm that a world's record has been established in the construction of this gigantic structure and the building bids fair to be completed well under the time limit of two hundred and forty working days, which the contract allows.

When gazing upon Machinery Hall one should feel inspired. It is not only the largest wooden building in the world—this in itself means nothing—it is the fruit of the years of training of some of the world's greatest engineers and artists, and it is, above all, the handiwork of man.

LELAND MCABEE.
W. H. WATERMAN.





Editorials

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BUTLER OSBORNE, '14.....	Art
PAUL FENNER, '14.....	Art
WARREN JOHNSON, '14.....	Art
PHILIP FRANK, '15.....	Art

MANAGER'S STAFF.

HARRY J. TRAÜNER, Advertising Manager.

ASSISTANTS.

R. V. PARKER, '15
ANDREW HASS, '14

T. RICKEY, '16
RAY BOWES, '14

F. WOLONGIEWIECZ, '14
HENRY LEVY, '15

THE TIGER.

High School Activities

At this time of the year when almost every one's thoughts run to football, it might be well to analyze the cause and effects of the various High School activities.

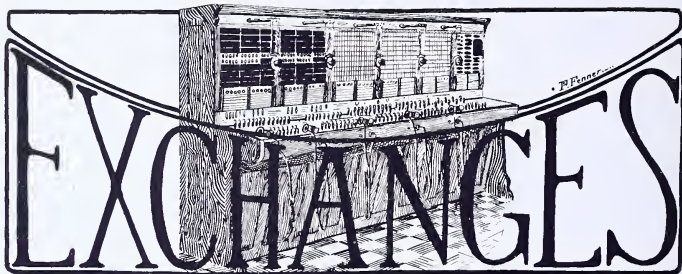
The activities that are tolerated and encouraged by the faculties are those which are calculated to bring out the best qualities in the students. However, no activity can or does exist without the stimulating "school spirit."

School spirit is the seed of all student activities. It is not the spirit of competition, ever dominant at all interscholastic events, that is responsible for the various activities, but it is the internal spirit, the pride,—one might say,—the patriotism of the students that stimulates and maintains the activities.

Fellows, when you hear the call for football men, for swimmers, for track men, for baseball players, and some fibre in your being responds to that call, go out determined to give the best that's in you, and fight a clean fight—for Lick. With that spirit you are invulnerable. But we can't all be athletes, and in order that all may be provided for, we have activities such as debating teams for the orators and we have our school paper for the artistic and the literarily inclined.

No matter what your choice of activities may be, bear in mind that your support is required by all. In your pursuit of your chosen activity don't forget that the team demands your support,—it is **your** team, whether it is the football, baseball, track, swimming or debating team. And as an afterword, as another appeal to your patriotism when the TIGER asks your support, don't forget that is is **your** TIGER.

Through the courtesy of Mr. A. Merrill, representing the Panama-Pacific Exposition, we are enabled to reproduce in these pages, in conjunction with a technical article, the original artist's conception of Machinery Hall, a view along the Esplanade, the Garin perspective of the entire grounds and a photo showing the construction details on one of the naves of Machinery Hall, showing completion to a very recent date.



The Student, Detroit, Mich.—Your cover design is fine and does justice to your unique and breezy magazine. You are one of our best exchanges.

The Cogswell, San Francisco, Cal.—Your paper is very fine in most departments but your cuts are not up to standard.

Richmond Rodco, Richmond, Cal.—Considering the fact that it is your first issue, your paper is the best we have received. Your departments are all well written, your cuts excellent, and your arrangement fine. We wish you every success in the future.

High School of Commerce, San Francisco, Cal.—Your paper is very fine and your modern language departments interesting, but didn't you try to crowd too many pictures on a page?

A well arranged and interesting paper is *The Totem*, Seattle, Wash. The cuts are exceptionally good and clean cut.

The Engineer, Oakland, Cal.—Yours is a fine paper, especially your Technical department, which is the most interesting we have seen. Your jokes are also good.

A paper perfect in all respects is the *Poly High*, Los Angeles, Cal. In size and general character it is different from all other high school papers and we can but say, "You are the best."

Madrono, Palo Alto (Track Issue).—Your cover design does not do credit to your otherwise excellent paper.

The Remuda, Midland, Texas.—Why not try to fill up some of those blank spaces? Jokes or tailpieces are more interesting than blank half pages.

A very interesting and excellently gotten up paper, with a fine cover design, is the *Cardinal and Black*, Lakeport, Cal. Probably through inexperience, inserts were forgotten to be placed for a number of the interesting halftones. Otherwise the paper is excellent.

The Gondolier, Venice, Cal.—Your paper is different from most other high school publications in that you print it yourselves, and it certainly shows hard work on the part of all. You are to be congratulated. However, don't you think it is better to devote your exchange column to criticisms of a limited number of exchanges, rather than just printing a long list of names?

The Elm, San Mateo.—Your paper is fine and your stories are good. The cuts are well executed and are a credit to your paper. Come again.

The Mountaineer, Butte, Mont.—Try and be a little more careful in arranging your "dummy" so as to prevent your halftones from straying into the wrong parts of your paper; for example, how did one part of the staff pictures get in the front of the book, and the rest in the back?

El Gabilan, Salinas, Cal.—You have a very fine paper, but seeing the same cuts on nearly every page, no matter how good they are, grows monotonous. Put your art staff to work.

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The Red and Black, Tampa, Fla.—We would think that with all the ads you have obtained, you ought to be able to devote some more pages to literature.

The Shuttle, Boston, Mass.—Your cover design is neat and attractive, and your paper is well arranged.

The Chanticleer, Dixon, Cal.—For a small school you turn out a paper that is interesting from cover to cover and is as good as the papers of many large schools, but try to have some of your cuts improved.

The Focus, Sioux Falls, S. D.—Your paper is always interesting and full of news, but it is the plan of most papers to change their cuts and covers frequently and don't you think it would be a good idea to follow?

The same criticism as above applies to *The Oracle*, Montgomery, Ala.

A few of our exchanges have not as yet realized the value of cuts in brightening up and making their papers more interesting. To these, *The Crescent*, Newburg, Ore., *The Record*, Wheeling, Va., *The Student*, Eureka, Kansas, we would say that, although it is nothing to their discredit, it is not a good plan not to have any original cuts in their papers, for they show that the school has artistic talent and also add much to the value of the paper.

The Revue, Newark, Ohio.—Though it is only a matter of form or personal opinion, do you really think it is the right thing to have your ads run in with your news items? However, your paper is on the whole very well written.

The Chaparral, Palo Alto, Cal.—Always funny, always faultless, you are a welcome arrival.

A new arrival to our exchange table is *The Boomerang*, Holland, Mich.—It is a very interesting paper, and the only criticism we could offer is a few cuts for the different departments.

The Advance, Arcata, Cal.—Yours is a very neat paper, but your cartoons could be improved.

The Polytechnic, San Francisco.—Your paper is good throughout, and your art department is especially good.





The Recapitulation Rally

[Owing to the inexperience of our cub reporter who lost his notes over vacation, and to lack of space, this account will necessarily be abbreviated.]

Friday, June 6th, at 1:30 p. m., amid much spontaneous yelling from the various classes, President LaBelle opened his last rally for Lick. After the usual "Brac-ity-ax" the floor was given to Mr. Merrill, who congratulated the student-body on their successful year and on the great step forward which we have taken in matters of self-government and student welfare.

The various athletic teams were represented by their managers, captains and captains-elect, who summed up the year's events and expressed their wishes for the future. McAbee and Walker spoke on football and Mangelsdorf and Wolongiewicz on track.

Block "L's" were awarded to Mangelsdorf, Bowes, Gaustad, Lloyd, Hall and Pengelly for their work on the various track teams.

Schwarzenbek and Asher reviewed the year's events in the basketball world and promised big things for the future.

Swimming was represented by Kidder, Iddings and Smith, who spoke on their favorite sport and wished future teams luck.

Four members of the swimming team were presented with their blocks, Kidder, Iddings, Fox and Merrill being thus honored.

The girls' basketball team, the Misses Hauerken, Jansen, Slack, Bullerdieck, Holuber, Hanlon, Bates, Taylor, Puckhaber, Felderman and Crowley, received their block letters, the last Lick emblems which will ever be presented to girls.

The entertainment features of the rally were furnished by Miss Dinkelman, Miss Gerson and Miss Klein, who entertained us with appropriate monologues, which were accorded much applause. The orchestra also entertained with ragtime selections, which were much appreciated.

A surprise was sprung by the Senior class, which presented Miss Coffin with a gold-mounted fountain pen for her loyal support of the Senior class and her fine work in coaching the farce cast.

Another feature of the program was the presentation of a loving cup from the Lick to the Lux Student Body. The Lux girls presented Lick with a new pennant and the Senior girls presented us with a beautiful cup.

Mr. John Deane of the '14 class was awarded the Lincoln Essay Prize, which was presented by Mr. Merrill.

As chairman of the Honor Medal Committee, Hardy made a neat

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speech, presenting Edgar LaBelle and Leland Boruck, two of the finest fellows ever graduated from Lick, with the honor medals in token of their services to the Lick Student Body.

Next on the program came the installation of the new Student Body officers. Yell Leader Rasmussen installed his successor, Harrison, by leading a big yell for him, as Harrison, being absent, could not take part in the actual installation. Editor Ogilvie next installed his successor, Waterman, and accompanied his best wishes with some good advice, as did also Manager Heinz in installing his successor Wertheimer. President LaBelle next installed McLachlan as his successor. From this point on President McLachlan continued the rally.

To close the rally and speed the departing Seniors as well as the Lux girls, a chosen girls' quartet, composed of the Misses Alexander, Sheldon, Gerson and Bullerdick, sang "Good-by, Everybody," which was very artistically rendered and met with much applause.

The rally was then closed with a big Ali-bi-bo, the last yell to be led by Rasmussen.

The First Rally

On Wednesday, the thirteenth of August, student activities really began, when Yell Leader Harrison stepped out on the platform to open the first rally with a big yell.

President McLachlan said a few words and introduced Mr. Merrill, who, as is customary, gave us a few words of advice and told us of his plan of consolidating our school with those of Lux and Wilmerding, so that their combined efforts in school activities could obtain better results.

Capt. Frank Walker, of the football team, told of his confidence in turning out a great team this year and by the way the fellows greeted him he is sure of support.

Phil Webster, our football manager, announced that a game was to be played at Jackson Park on Labor Day, against a team of "old grads."

Mr. Rundall, a new member of our Faculty and incidentally the athletic director of our school, spoke on the necessity of the "get-together spirit" in order to turn out a winning team.

Next came "Bill" Waterman, the editor of the "Tiger," who masterfully informed us that in order to have everything run smoothly it was necessary to invest in a subscription to the "Tiger" and to buy a yell-book (fellows take his advice).

Leo Wertheimer, he of the portliness and business-like manner and incidentally the manager of the TIGER, said a good deal, but his words might be contracted to "Get ads and support them."

Miss Denny imparted the information that the first act of consolidation was the organization of a grand chorus.

Then our President introduced an "old timer." It was Earl Brown, who, in the year 1911, was editor of the same "Tiger." "It's great to be back," he said, but he also said that he was shocked at the lack of spirit of some students in not attending the rallies. He then told us how it was in the old days.

Mr. Hess, one of our orators and representative of the Lick Debating Society, in very brilliant language informed us that the Society still existed and told of the interclass debates and plays, etc., that were to be given during the year.

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"Dobby" Smith, captain of the swimming team, asked for candidates and announced a swimming interclass to be held in September.

Mr. Frank spoke on "hiking."

Jeff Asher, basketball captain, said that the prospects of getting out a good team were fine.

Miss Lightbody, President of Lux Student Body, announced the organization of that Body and told of its prospects.

Capt. Wolongiewicz spoke on track.

Herb. Hargrave gave us to understand that the Camera Club was still in the school and invited all to join and enjoy its benefits.

Russell Deane told the "Freshies" that there was a game called "base-ball" which was indulged in by the school, and asked for material.

The rally was closed with a big Brack-ity-ax.

The L. W. L. D. S.

In past years one of the grandest organizations in the school has been the Lick Debating Society, a society which has shown the real thing when it came to Spirit, and which was always ready to back everything that was for the good of the school. This organization has gone out of existence and together with the enthusiasts of Lux and Wilmerding, its members have co-operated to form a joint society, the Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Debating and Dramatic Society, a society whose purpose shall be the furthering of the arts of elocution, oratory, and debate.

The society will be represented in the society as the L.-W.-L. D. S., although interclasses will be held in all three schools, separately.

The competition will be keen in making the league team as school interests will be done away with and the team will be chosen on personal merit.

In dramatics the society plans several entertainments and on the whole a delightful season is looked forward to.

This is the first society which has offered a solution of the problem of co-operation with the girls' student body of Lux. So, fellows,—and girls, too,—come out and boost this organization and further the co-operation spirit.

Camera Club

The Camera Club has begun the year with the new dark-room in full working order. The enrollment has increased considerably, but they feel that more fellows ought to take advantage of the unusually good facilities for photographic work in the dark-room. President Hargrave has planned a glorious year for the Club. To begin with, the Lick and Wilmerding Clubs have agreed to give a joint picnic and have invited the Lux Camera Club to share the pleasures of the day. This is scheduled for the 20th of September. Later in the term will come the prize contests and then more picnics, hikes and outings. This promises to be a more active and pleasant year than ever.

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The Orchestra

In regard to this student activity there has been a deplorable lack of school spirit shown. H. Kohlmoos, a very capable musician, is in charge of the orchestra. In response to the call for members to play in the orchestra there were practically no volunteers and unless more interest is shown the orchestra will be unable to continue. Piano and cornet players as well as violinists are wanted. Fellows, boost this activity. Show your appreciation of last year's music at the rallies by giving the orchestra your support.

The Senior Seminar

The first lecture scheduled for the Senior Seminar was a lecture on "Mammoth Cave." The lecture was given by Miss Edwards and was well attended. Among the subjects for future lectures are: "Washington, the Capitol City," by G. Hess; "The Theory and Practice of Radio-Telegraphy," demonstrated with a complete transmitting and receiving outfit, by Butler Osborne. Mr. Heyman, it is rumored, will give a lecture on the history of steam-engines; Herbert Hargrave, a lecture on "Photography," and Waterman, a lecture on the production of the "Tiger," with an explanation of the photo-engraving process, the linotype machine and the rotary-press.

All are welcome and it is hoped that many will take advantage of the opportunity.

The Senior Class

Under the leadership of Russel Deane, the Senior Class has begun the year with a great deal of enthusiasm and spirit.

Frank Langlois as vice-president; Warren Johnson as secretary and Andrew Hass as treasurer, promise to manage the affair of the class well. On the Board of Control, the class is represented by Charles Slack, Francis Schwarzenbek and Harry Trauner, all of them competent representatives of the class.

The Junior Class

We have advanced one step higher, the step from Sophomores to Juniors, and if we are to measure the success of this year by the results of last, we have nothing to fear. On the Board of Control the interests of the class have fallen into very capable hands, namely, Smith, Hills and Frank.

Janssen and Oppel are president and vice-president, respectively. The

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minutes of the Class Meetings will be taken by L. Sneath, who is a most suitable person for the office of secretary.

Sabalot has shown much in the simple art of extracting dues from his fellow classmates. Yell Leader Parker promises to get some "pep" and spirit into our yells at the school rallies.

The managers of the various class teams have not been elected, with the exception of Pengelly, who will endeavor to bring his class the football supremacy. A prosperous and successful Junior year is anticipated by all.

The Sophomore Class

The Sophomore Class has begun its new term with A. Norman as president. Bradley, Delius and Thacher are vice-president, secretary and treasurer, respectively. On the Board of Control the class is represented by Crane, Allison and Hardy.

With the reins in such capable hands, a prosperous and most successful year is assured the Sophomores.

The Freshman Class

The 1917 Class began its work in the school this year, and has so far shown up to possess the true Lick Spirit. It is a large class with large prospects. Large in number if not in stature, and they certainly have lots of energy.

Realizing the advantage of an early start and in order to curb a few energetic spirits, the class was organized, as is the custom, by upper classmen. On the twenty-sixth of August, with G. C. Hess, '14, as President; Phil Frank, '15, as Vice-President, and Muth, '16, as Secretary-Treasurer, the class held the first meeting. The Faculty Advisory Committee supplied a temporary constitution which will be in effect until Christmas, when the regular class officers are elected.

On September the thirteenth the class was ushered into Lick Student Body life, at a picnic given by the Juniors. A large crowd attended and from all accounts we may expect a good deal from the Freshmen when it comes to backing our affairs with true Lick Spirit.



Football

That sterling athlete, Frank F. Walker, more familiarly known as "Babe," will captain the football team of this year. To be a worthy successor to such leaders, as Lick has had in the past, places upon his shoulders the responsibility of leading a team that has won a reputation as true sportsmen. The Lick players have demonstrated their faith in him by turning out in large numbers for practice and doing everything possible in their power to make his task easier.

Walker is aided by Manager "Phil" Webster, who has proved himself to be every bit worthy of the confidence placed in him. He has secured as our coach Mr. Hugh Rose, who gained his reputation as a football player, when he played with the best teams in Australia and New Zealand. Mr. Rose's ambition is to see the boys bring in the honors in tip-top fashion, and we can hardly express our gratitude for his valuable services.

The team has several veteran players from last year, and with the aid of the new material many more practice games, which have been arranged, will be played before the league opens. Two of these games have already been played, and the team has demonstrated in those games that spirit which points to a prosperous and successful year of Rugby.

The league series opens September 20, 1913, with a game with the High School of Commerce. The following is the Lick schedule:

Week ending September 20, Lick vs. Commercial.
 Week ending September 27, Lick vs. Cogswell.
 Week ending October 11, Polytechnic vs. Lick.
 Week ending October 18, Lowell vs. Lick.
 Week ending October 25, St. Ignatius vs. Lick.
 Week ending November 1, Mission vs. Lick.

Lick II, Oakland II

On August 30, 1913, Lick played its first practice game of the season against the Oakland High School's team on the latter's grounds.

The game was hard fought throughout, but was marred by the unclean and rough tactics displayed by the Oakland players, who demonstrated

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their slight regard for true sportsmanship. The ball was in Oakland's territory the greater part of the time, and the Lick team was only once in danger, which was during the last two minutes of play.

A great loss to the Lick squad was the unfortunate injury of Ellis Holmes, who dislocated his collar bone during the game. Holmes is a popular fellow and is a mighty valuable man, playing the position of full-back, and Lick extends to him its sympathy, hoping that he will speedily recover from his injuries.

Lick 3, Lick Alumni 0

On Labor Day, the second practice game was played against the Lick Alumni team on the Jackson Park playgrounds.

Many stars were again to be seen in action playing with the Alumni, among them being "Pete" Holman, "Artie" Wynne, Johnny Neuhaus and "Punk" Wetmore.

The Lick team held the ball well down toward the Alumni's goal during the greater part of the game, although it can be said that the Alumni had Lick in dangerous positions several times. The score resulted from a free kick by our last year's captain, Leland McAbee, although the ball lay near the touch line. Another three points were almost annexed to McAbee's when "Jeff" Asher made a sensational run of one hundred yards, almost scoring a try. The game was fast and clean throughout, and the only unpleasant feature was the presence of high winds which prevented accurate kicking by either side.

Swimming

With Captain Walt. Smith and Manager Mel. Hulling guiding the destinies of swimming for the 1913-1914 season prospects are exceedingly bright. Although the losses suffered by graduation and other routes are great, the abundance of new material on hand, reinforced by Smith, Hulling, Dewing, Frank, Merrill, Bates and Fox, all veterans of last year's team, assures us of premier representation in the coming meets. A large contingent of relay material is ready to answer the call for candidates, and with Fox and Merrill representing us in the distance races, the Black and Gold should be supreme after many a race.

Basketball

Jeff Asher, the man vested with the confidence of the 1913 basketball quintet, will guide this year's basketball team to what we heartily hope is

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victory. All indications point to an addition to our cup case and prospects are bright.

Three veterans and one substitute, Schwarzenbek, Hulling, Pengally and Feldcamp, will be the nucleus around which Asher will have to build the team.

Already the services of "Red" Kemp, a player of note, have been secured and the coveted basketball cup should adorn our case after next season.

Track

Captain Wolongiewicz, the most consistent point winner on last year's track team, is the man at the head of the track team for this year. Wolongiewicz will be well supported not only in the unlimited division but in the weight division as well. A likely-looking bunch of Freshmen have entered school and "Woly" is over-exultant at the prospects.

Gaustad, Bowes, Hitzroth, Allsop, Wolongiewicz, Dewing and Webster will form the main nucleus for the team. Frank is the only member of the 120-pound relay team left at school, but plenty of weight class-runners should be found in the Freshman class.

Baseball

Although Lick will have practically a brand new team to represent it for the coming next season, the prospects of the team are bright. John Deane, a man of no mean ability, has the honor of having the affairs of the baseball team placed entirely in his hands. "Johnny" also has the aid of Leland McAbee, our last year's pitcher.

Many new students have entered school, and it is rumored that among them are some noted players, and no doubt good material will be discovered. Deane will call practice immediately after the football season, and it is hoped that the fellows will display the proper spirit by turning out to the support of the team.

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The Senior Faculty Baseball Game

Lick Seniors 10, Faculty 11

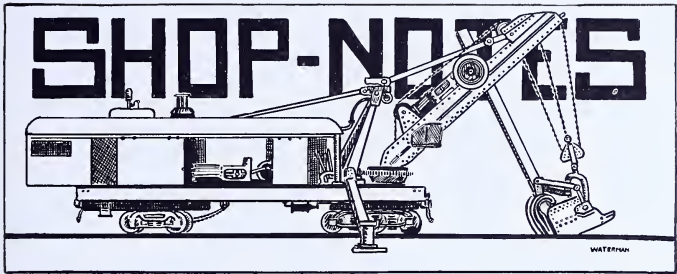
The combined faculty of Lick and Wilmerding mixed in an interesting game of baseball with the combined Seniors of the same institutions on June 6.

It unquestionably was an enthusiastic exhibition of the national pastime.

The game opened with Miss Worthen twirling for the mighty faculty, and the famous catcher, "Kling" McLaren, behind the bat. Since then the big league scouts have been on the trail of this great heaver, Miss Worthen, who had the Seniors swinging like a rusty gate. Mr. La Coste had his eagle eye on the ball, knocking it all over the field (not his eye), and McLaren helped the score with a home-run hit. Captain Max Plum played like a "Merkle" on first and nothing ever went past him. The feature of the game was the Ty Cobb fashion with which Mr. Merrill ran the bases. He purloined the three sacks and stole home. Mr. Wirt, who at one time played with the Stanford nine, showed some of his old-time form, picking up the grounders like a big leaguer. With so great a team as the faculty, the playing of those mentioned and many other of the faculty players could hardly be equaled. And although it was quite chilly as well as a windy day, it did not chill nor dampen the enthusiasm of those who participated in the game, and to be particularly commended was the decisive and satisfactory manner in which Miss Beeger umpired the strikes and Miss Elliot the bases.

RESULTS OF SWIMMING INTERCLASS.

	First	Second	Third	'14	'15	'16	'17
50 yards	Hulling '14	Bates '14	McWilliams '16	8	—	1	—
440 yards	Kolb '14	Roth '14	Banfield '16	8	—	1	—
100 yards	Hulling '14	McWilliams '16	Young '17	5	—	3	1
880 yards	Weyl '14	Nelson '15	Roth '14	6	3	—	—
220 yards	Smith '14	Hulling '14	Norman '16	8	—	1	—
Relay	'14	'16	'15	10	2	6	—
			Totals	45	5	12	1



MECHANICAL DRAWING.

The Freshmen are rapidly advancing in this department under Miss Boulware. Most of them have finished their first exercise in the use of the inking pen, triangles and T-square. Their next exercise plate is on circles. A few are already on this plate.

The Sophomores have been making rapid strides since Mr. Heyman has finished explaining the intricacies of drawing. They are all almost finished with the Orthographic Projections sheet.

The Junior apprentices this year are Feldcamp, Hotaling, Peterson, Sibert, Nelson, Lund, Nelsen, Craig, Clar, Eskilson. Considering this early date they are doing wonderfully well. They have finished the sheet on screw fastenings and are almost through the riveted joints sheet. These apprentices can be found working hard at their benches at any time that they are in mechanical drawing.

The Seniors are bound that no one shall beat them. They all realize that this is their last year in Lick and are working hard to leave a name that stands for work. This year Holmes and McAbee are each designing a 30 h.-p. gas engine. Klein, a P. G. student, is designing a smaller gas engine and is setting up the vacuum pump for Mr. Plumb. Bowes is working on a Scotch marine boiler. Piepenbrink is drawing the details for a water tank. A. L. Johnson is designing an electric lighting system for the academic building. Bates, Marks and Webster are working on testing machines. W. Johnson is taking part of the Junior course.

PATTERN SHOP.

This is a very busy shop now and the Freshmen are working hard on joints. Mr. McLeran has finished lecturing on the different tools. Their first work in this shop was grinding their knife, then later their chisels and plane blades. They are rapidly learning the use of their laying-out tools on the joint exercises. Mr. McLeran expects at least one-half of the class to be on lathe work by the end of the quarter, and a few of the best on patterns.

Although Roth is the only apprentice in this shop, the foundry is being kept busy by the number of patterns that have accumulated.

FOUNDRY.

The Sophomores are doing splendidly this year in foundry. Their first exercise was the deadly "Block," the terror of the machine shop, and after conquering that they all received patterns to mold. Mr. Lacoste expects to have them pour twice this quarter and among other casting there will be a speed lathe, a 3 h.-p. gas engine, a steam hoist, a centrifugal pump and a pipe-cutting machine.

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FORGE SHOP.

The Sophomores working in the forge shop have all finished hammering the cold iron and few of them are sorry.

Charles Hess, the only apprentice, is making parts for the hoist.

MACHINE SHOP.

The Juniors are well started in machine shop and have finished chipping the hated block. Pengally and Oppel are the only Junior apprentices.

The Senior apprentices are all working hard. Hess, Ransdell and Hagenson are completing another steam hoist, having done most of the work on the one that was turned out the last part of last year. Harrison and Bisset are doing odd jobs for Mr. Sunkel and Gaustad is working rapidly on an air-compressor.

CHEMISTRY.

The Sophomores have made rapid progress in their preliminary study and are now well started on their experiments.

The Junior apprentices, Bennett, Rousselot, Merrill and Hohman, are working on qualitative analysis and are rapidly becoming acquainted with the mysteries of the water wagon.

The Senior apprentices, Kolb and Langlois, are now on the more advanced work of quantitative analysis and are spending much of their time on outside work.

A special student, Mr. Lonneman, is making a study of laundry chemistry.

Mr. Tibbetts has a great deal more time with the apprentices this year, since the girls' classes are now in charge of Miss Miller.

That grand order of the C. S. M. A. C. A. S. R. S. (ask Langlois what it is), has fallen somewhat into decay since the departure of the Grand Shiek "Ishi" Heintz, but it is being rapidly rebuilt under the tender guidance of the "Terrible Two," and will show its first signs of activity in a series of lectures on industrial chemistry machinery. These lectures will be attended by only those master minds, the members of the C. S. M. A. C. A. S. R. S.



JOKES



Heard in Vacaville.

Time—June 19, 1913, 6:30 a. m.

Place—J. N. R. Ranch.

Manner—?

Deane had just fallen from his ladder when Walker came walking up, aiding the H₂O can in its progress up one of those hills that this place is famous for.

Walker—Hello, Deane; how did you fall?

Deane (softly)—Vertically.

Mr. Plumb says: "Some fellows think they are doing a big thing when they get on the business end of a briar pipe, but all they are doing is creating a vacuum in their heads and the atmosphere outside pushes some smoke into the space." Fellows, did you ever look at it that way?

Jeff Asher says: "While training for basketball don't eat any fancy dishes."

Miss D. in Eng.—Osborne, tell us what you know of Warren Hastings.

Osborne—I don't know anything about him.

Miss D.—Don't tell me what you don't know, tell me what you do know!

Osb.—I know nothing about him.

English IV. Konetsky (reciting)—The knight—er—the knight, er—the—er—knight—

Voice from the rear (our life-saving crew)—was dark.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

One razor, as good as new. I have no use for same and will sell at a loss or exchange for car-tickets.

R. BOWES.

A young wildcat, trained at home, will eat anything, especially fond of young children.

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One perfectly good set of "Strength" problems at the same price I paid for them. X. (Solve by graphs for x.)

Unlimited quantity of hot air for aviation purposes.

OLEE SQUIRTHEIMER.

Miss Boulware assigning headings—Athletics, Knorp and Banfield; Literary, Frank. Jokes—Parker, Pengelly and Hitzeroth. (Get that—? Everybody's got their number.)

The Reason For Mac's Black Eye.

Mac was running at full speed when Slack hollered, "Hey, Mac! What's the matter?"

Mac—I'm trying to keep two fellows from fighting.

Slack—Who are they?

Mac—I'm one of them.

Webster in Europe.

Webster—You have a very fine view from here.

Guide—Aye, we can sometimes see a long way.

Webster—Ah, I suppose you can see America when it's clear?

Guide—Farther 'an that.

Webster—What?

Guide—Yes; if you will just wait a while you will see the moon.

Senior Freehand—In the yard, in the shade of the old apple tree.

Walker—What's that you're drawing, Fat?

Weyl—Nothing.

Walker—Gee, that's pretty good—looks just like it!

On the blackboard in Eng. I—"Venice" Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty. (Some baseball fan, we suppose.)

German IV.—Frl. B., Was moegen Sie lieber, Apfel oder Birnen?

Herr Hess—Beine!

Miss Denny—What name is connected with Greece like Goethe's with Germany and Shakespeare's with England?

Inevitable voice from rear—Bill Pappas.

Mary had a Thomas cat;

It warbled like Caruso.

A neighbor swung a baseball bat;

Now Thomas doesn't do so.—Ex.

The sign "ex." after a joke means that it was a joke once.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

Little Boy;

Cigarettes;

Little grave;

Violets.

Prisoner—There goes my hat, let me run after it.

Policeman—Nix—you'd never come back—you stand here and I'll run after it.—Ex.

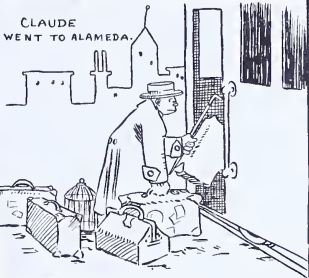
VACATION EGGS ON TOAST

GASTON WENT TO THE SIERRAS AND FORGOT HIS RAZOR.



MAMA DIDN'T KNOW HER DARLING BOY.

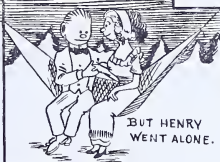
CLAUDE WENT TO ALAMEDA.



OSCAR TOOK MAMA TO TAHOE.



BUT HENRY WENT ALONE.



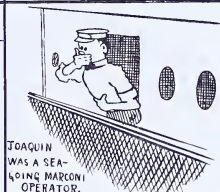
PEDRO FIDDLLED AT TAHOE.



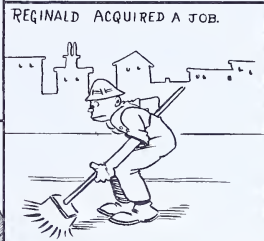
NABISCO COOKED FOR CAMP CURRY.



JOAQUIN WAS A SEA-GOING MARCONI OPERATOR.



REGINALD ACQUIRED A JOB.



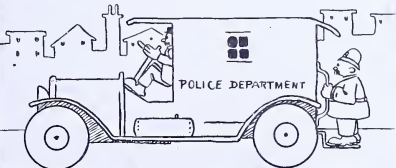
CHESTER WENT HUNTING.



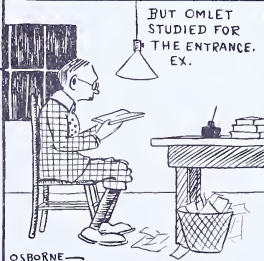
THEODORE JOINED THE ARMY.



EMANUEL WENT MOTORING.

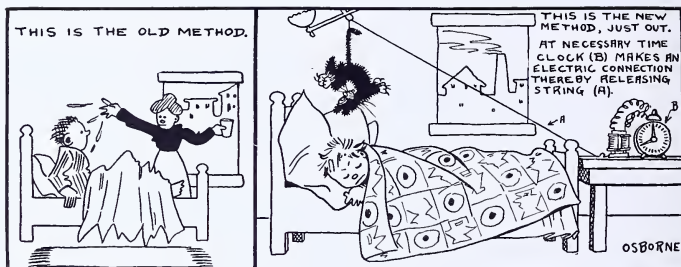


BUT OMLET STUDIED FOR THE ENTRANCE EX.



OSBORNE

THE TIGER.



There's more than one way to get Willie to School on Blue Monday.

SPONTANEOUS LINOTYPED POETRY.

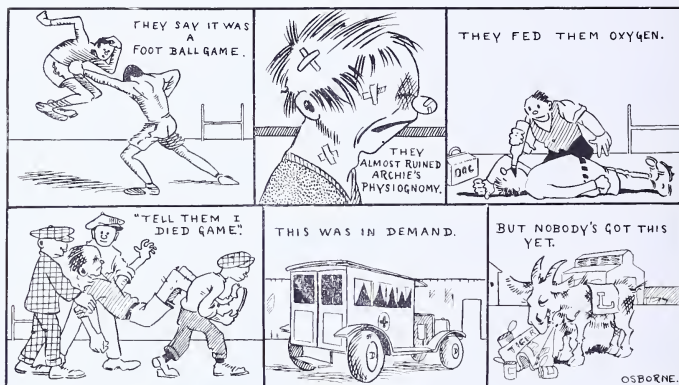
(As fast as the type can be cast.)

First you get a lintype,
 Your thoughts you next compose.
 In verse you write the first three lines
 And rhyme the next with oooooooooos.
 It is not hard to write such verse,
 Will wonders never cease?
 The linotype supplies the rhyme,
 You do the rest with eeeeeees.
 And if you punch a key quite wrong,
 And make an awful mess,
 You rhyme the next quite simply
 When you punch the letter S.
 But verse most often does grow dry
 And now lest you should be,
 You moisten up the verse again
 By putting in a T.
 For variation's sake you must
 Poetic license risk
 And finish up this line to come
 With a fancy * (asterisk).
 No Poet's hunger is satisfied
 By adding llllls or cccccc,
 So to keep yourself from starving
 You pass yourself the PPPPPPs.
 Now as this verse grows worse and worse
 I'll try and make amends
 By ending up this awful stuff
 With a line of mmmms and nnnnns.

W.

35

THE TIGER.



THE OAKLAND HIGH GAME

EDITOR'S COMMENT.

The Editor wishes in a measure to apologize for his limited vocabulary, which as yet is of more minute dimensions than that of his predecessor, and begs that all contributors desirous of locating their material in cold-faced type will confine themselves to lucid and spontaneous English rather than the incompact metaphorical ejaculations and subtle psychological observations with which certain contributors are prone to illuminate the literary horizon.

In order that your extemporaneous and unpremeditated ravings and expatiations shall harmonize with any other profound descantings with which they are likely to appear in conjunction, you should avoid conflicting discussion of wide-encompassing theory unless your logical and philosophical reasoning of the subject mind compels expression of such thought.

While the Editor is in a sense able, by the process of mental deglutition, to absorb most of the material at hand, he finds it subtly delectable though extremely deleterious. It also becomes imperious to request that contributions be subjected to the editor's scrutiny in legible and decipherable script rather than in the more common and less legible hieroglyphics which at first blush present themselves to the retina of the optic organs as bewildering meteorological scintillations or boreal phenomena.

In short, be clear, concise and consistent.

Jaehne—I see they have operated on a Philadelphia boy's head in order to make a better boy of him.

Gaustad—That isn't where my dad used to operate to make me a better boy.

THE TIGER.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

(By Jawra Lean Jibby.)

These romances are submitted to Miss Jibby for solution. When submitting questions enclose one *unlicked* postage stamp:

Dear Miss Jibby:—

As everyone laughs at everything I say, I think I am a "comicer." Should I go on the stage?
BOOBLES AFRIGOOT.

Answer: By all means—take the stage that will get you farthest.
JAWRA.

Dear Miss Jibby:—

My sidechops no longer attract the ladies as they did in days of yore, Can it be that they have shook me for some other pompadour?
IN, FRANC.

Answer: Yours is a sad case. Barber College is now open.
JAWRA.

Dear Miss Jibby:—

I am growing too stout. Have you any remedy for excess avoirdupois?
PHATT LEVEE.

Answer: Eat only string beans and noodles. For exercise try crawling through sections of sewer-pipe or garden hose and take all liquid nourishment through a soda straw.
MISS JIBBY.

Dear Miss Jibby:—

After hearing several unsuccessful attempts at a translation of some of the "Ten Commandments" as they appeared in Senior German, Miss Beeger said, "We seem to be out of our element; we'll skip the rest," etc.

THE FACT OF THE MATTER.

Mr. Plumb—I've noticed that men who always wear their hats soon become bald.

Mr. Rundall—You've mixed up cause and effect. What you noticed was that bald men are always careful to wear their hats.

IMPOSSIBILITY.

"No man can serve two masters," observed the good parson who was visiting the penitentiary.

"I know it," replied convict No. 2314. "I'm here for bigamy." Ex.

MORE TRUTH THAN FICTION.

"Did the doctor tell you what you had?"

"No. He took what I had without telling me."

Ex.

THE TIGER.

He—I understand two hundred hairdressers left 'Frisco for the south yesterday.

She—Why? What for?

He—To curl the locks on the Panama Canal.

McAbee (riding in Pullman sleeping car for first time)—Say, ma, who has the flat above us?

Andy Hass (after killing puppy under automobile)—I will replace the pup, ma'am.

Lady—Sir, you flatter yourself.—Adapted.

He—She told me your hair was bleached.

She—And what did you say?

He—I said 'tis false.

"What are the passengers looking out of the window for?" asked a nervous old lady of the conductor.

"We ran over a cat, ma'am," said the conductor.

"Was the cat on the track?" she next asked.

"Oh, no, ma'am," assured the conductor. "The locomotive chased her up the alley."—Ex.

Mac tells us that the cause of his black eye was not sunburn from watching the ball game through a knothole, but that he had his eye on a seat in the car and a fat lady—aw, that's a chestnut!

Bennie, aged four, met Henry, aged five, and the following conversation ensued:

"Whatsamatter your head?"

"Bumped it ona ceiling."

"Ona stepladder?"

"No. I was playin' 'ith my papa ona floor an' I was sitting on his tummy."

"An' nen what?"

"Papa sneezed."—Ex.

"What sort of a tablet shall be erected over your grave when you are gone?" they asked of the man who had long suffered.

"Well," said the cheerful victim of stomach trouble, "I think a dypepsia tablet would be as appropriate as any."—Ex.

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally one of them, himself an author, said to the other:

"No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself."

"No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the State."—Ex.

THE TIGER.

Alumni Notes

(Owing to the late arrival of the alumni notes from California, we are obliged to print them in this rather extraordinary location. We hope that the alumni will understand this and will not believe that we intentionally place them between the jokes and the advertising section.)

CALIFORNIA.

The University of California opened its arms this last August to the largest class in its history.

This year is also the banner year for those registered from Lick. The enrollment of Lick students comprises representatives from the classes of 1908 to 1913 inclusive.

"Curly" Cortelyou, '08, is here with us, but W. W. Beatty, '09, is now teaching mechanical drawing at the Oakland Polytechnic School.

Harold Nachtrieb, '09, is studying law and "Spider" Lutz and Bert Banta are also doing their duty.

Among those that were in the 1910 class: Herm. Henderson is now a Captain of Cadets; Rey Chatfield is assisting in some work in the Department of Economics; Sherman White has graduated from the Affiliated Colleges as a regular "Doc.," and is hard at work pulling teeth as well as legs; Bruce Barkis is still growing and has forgotten whether he is five feet nine or nine feet five.

Rankin, Sommer and Johnson also answer to the roll-call.

Bert Deleray will lead the California bleachers in rooting against Stanford this year.

Of the 1911 Class about nine answered the roll-call. "Judge" Chilcote returned from Panama to register.

Ed. Rust and Oral Barker as well as Fred Taggart.

"Merv." Carlson, ex-'11, is in charge of the "Junior Informal."

Harry Watkins is around but doesn't do much. (Sh—he's in love).

Horace Hirschler and Rube Hills are working on the staff of the "Blue and Gold."

Mac McNair has had to leave on account of ill health, but expects to return soon.

Many of the 1912 Class have entered for their first year and include Julian Mathieu, Johnny Ryan and Mast Wolfjohn.

Of those still here are "Greek" Neuhaus, Louis Brunnel, Herman Fox, Paige Austin, Bruce and Maynard as well as Miss Catherine Boyle.

Wood Young left to take charge of his father's ranch.

The 1913 Class, the largest delegation here, includes: Sam Ogilvie, Gifford Wills, Milton Weidenthal, Dave McCaw, Harry Collins, Alex High, Ralph Heintz, "Mike" Eggleston, Eric Taussig, "Blondie" Hansen, Herbert Reichhold, Herbert Birch, Ansel Hall, Carmen Bieber and Florence Gerson.

As they are all engrossed in becoming good Freshmen we will probably hear more of them later.

STANFORD.

As Stanford has just opened we have no definite news, but expect to publish some soon, providing, of course, that "Artie Wynne" can spare enough of his very valuable (?) time to collect the "dope."

“The Hastings”

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Telephone Park 866

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One day playful little Dick,
Gave the cook some arsenic;
Cookie now has gone to heaven;
Clever Dick! (He's only seven.)

Little Herbert feeling glum,
Ate a piece of sodium,
Now some scientific men,
Use Herb for making hydrogen.

Ex



DRAWING INSTRUMENTS

T-Squares—Triangles—Scales—Drawing Boards—Etc.

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Suits Rented and Sent out of Town

The lightning flashed;
The thunder roared;
The powers of heaven were shaken,
The little pig uncurled its tail,
And ran to save its bacon.

Ex.

"Andie" Hass—I am not fond of the stage, Maud, but I hear your father coming and I think I had better go before the foot-lights.

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The Remick Song Shop

"When it's Music or Pictures go where the crowds go."

If it's a new song we have it. Look over this list of hits: When it's App'e Blossom Time in Normandy"; "Sailing Down the Chesapeake Bay"; "You Made Me Love You"; "Sunshine and Roses"; "Adam and Eve Had a Wonderful Time"; "Where the Shenandoah Flows"; "Lovable Child"; "Tickle the Ivories"; "Elephant Rag"; "Sept. Morn Waltzes"; "Hungarian Rag"; "Dixie Doodles."

The famous Star Dance Folio No. 13. Containing all the big song hits, arranged for popular music lovers. Special 35c.

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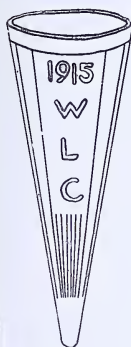
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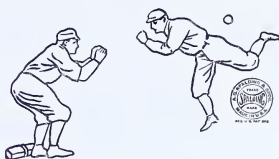


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Without
W. L. C.
On Each Cone

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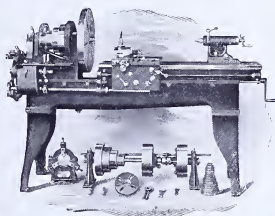
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HEARD IN GERMAN.

Miss B—Translate "Der König fliegt."

Osgood—The king flees.

Miss B—In what other tense can the verb fliegt be found?

Osgood—Perfect tense.

Miss B—How would you translate the sentence then?

Osgood—I don't know.

Miss B—Put a "has" in it.

Osgood—The king has flees.

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A PHYSICS SHARK.

Mr. Plumb—Johnson, what is the first chapter in this book?

Johnson—Chapter I.

"Am I really awake?" murmured the tramp on the park bench.
"I'll pinch you and see," said the cop.—Ex.

"What is the funniest thing in the world?"
"Your teacher's jokes."—Ex.

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I made a little garden, sir,
Down where the waters flow;
I made a little garden, sir,
To see what I could grow.

I grew a lot of firewood,
And all things nice and green;
I grew a little freshman, sir,
As tiny as a bean.

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And soon they all began to grow
Down by the River Dee,
And then there comes the harvest time,
The time to cut the tree.

I stored up all the things to eat,
And piled the wood up high,
The frost could come; let winter roar,
For food and warmth had I.

Phones: Market 5776

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Street, near Divisadero.

I could not eat the freshman; and
He was too green to burn,
And so I sent him off to school
To see what he could learn.

And when the spring time comes again;
It's time to plant, you see;
Then to the freshman I did say
Oh, Freshman, plant a tree.

**Boys and girls, when your hands
are dirty—**

U-NEED HAND PASTE

IT IS THE CALIFORNIA MANUFACTURER AND NOT THE
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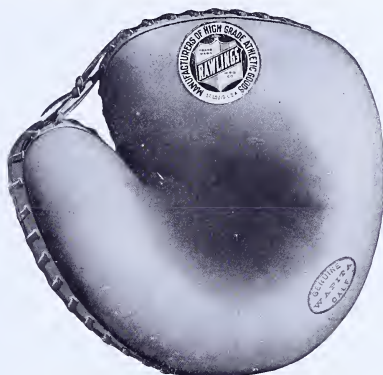
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Everything for the Athlete

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Baseball and Football Uniforms

Ungrateful cuss, these words he spoke:

"Were you addressing me?

Say, I'm a Sophomore, old sport,

And don't talk work, you see."

Take heed unto this lesson, sir,

I tell nobody lies,

The way to plant a Freshman, sir,

Is right between his eyes.

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ROBERT B. FINN, Secretary

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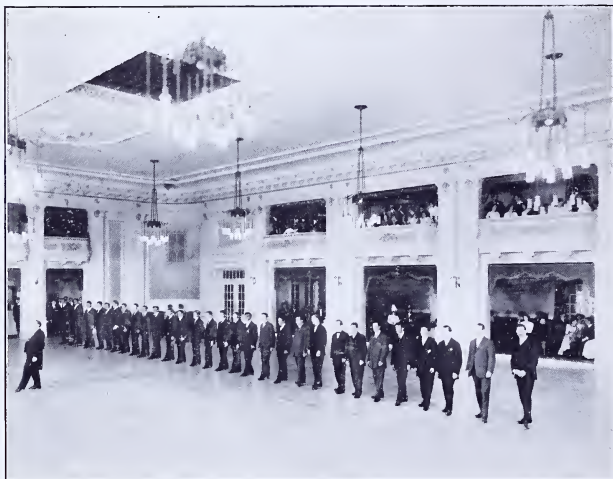
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